

can speculate in any line with equal success. He has a fair smattering of medicine and chemistry. He offers a hawker of cement a much better receipt, of his own invention. He has been in almost every country, including Poland, South America, and Persia. In the latter country he has learned the art of stupifying fishes and making them float on the surface. He dyes a drunken hypocrite's face with a dye which he got from Indians in "the great lone land;" and when the hypocrite repents he has a drastic wash ready to efface the stain. "I actilly larned French in a voyage to Calcutta," he says, "and German on my way home." He knew a little Gaelic too, which he had learned on a new and agreeable system that, unfortunately, would never do in the public schools.

At Rome in Juvenal's time it was the hungry Greek, in Johnson's "London" it was the "fasting monsieur," who knew all the sciences. And let it be granted that the typical Jack-of-all-trades in this century and on this continent is the inquisitive and acquisitive Yankee. Yet Sam Slick beats the record of his shifty countrymen. He has been everywhere where a lively reminiscence can be located, and he is endowed with any art or attainment which comes in handy "to point a moral or adorn a tale," to snub a snob or help a friend.

He understands every phase of human nature, male and female, black, white and red, high and low, rich and poor. He is equally familiar with every social *stratum*. In "Nature and Human Nature" he minutely describes two picnics soon after each other.